



I KNOW NOT IF SHE LOVES ME.

I know not if she loves me ;
Her arms are never wound,
In hours of deepest tenderness,
My bending form around.
Her eyes are veiled and hidden,
Her lips are turned aside ;
I know not if she loves me now,
With all her woman's pride.

And yet, I will not doubt her !..
I have no other link
To bind my soul to hopes of good,
When heart and spirit sink.
The very dream of falsehood
With pain and death is fraught.
So, let me trust her murmured words,
And perish in my thoughts !

WHEN WE DWELL ON THE LIPS.

When we dwell on the lips of the lass we adore,
Not a pleasure, in nature, is missing ;
May his soul rest in Heaven, (he deserves it, I'm sure)
Who was first the Inventor of Kissing !

Master Adam, I verily think, was the man,
Whose discovery will ne'er be surpass'd ;
Then, since this sweet game with creation began,
To the end of the world may it last !

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